

# The Evening World

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## THE SCANDAL OF DIRTY STREETS.

It is more than a month since the last heavy fall of snow in New York, and yet most of the residence streets are still encumbered with heaps of snow and ice, unsightly, dirty and dangerous.

The facts discovered by The World show conclusively, from the official records, that the contractors practically stopped doing their work when it ceased to be greatly profitable, and that they have received pay for a vast amount of snow that was not removed. They are now waiting, apparently with the consent if not with the connivance of the city's officials, for the sun and rain to do the work for them.

The Evening World has shown the many perils that result from this condition of the streets. Says Dr. Russell, a specialist in children's diseases: "With the advent of a few successive days of thaw look out for innumerable cases of grip and other ailments, especially among children." When the thaw comes, says Dr. Carleton Simon, bacteriologist, "each puddle will become a 'culture' for the propagation of disease germs." The chiefs of the Fire Department say it is impossible for a fire-engine to travel at speed in hundreds of residential streets. They are unsafe for ordinary traffic.

Is District-Attorney Jerome too busy with excise and gambling and other moral problems to look into the graft in "street cleaning" that leaves the streets foul and dangerous? Why not "butt in" here, in the public interest?

## FOR A NEEDED WEST SIDE PARK.

This is public-hearing day at the City Hall on the proposed west side park in the "Hell's Kitchen" vicinity.

From Eleventh avenue to the North River, covering Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets, runs the site selected for the new outdoor resort. Slaughter-houses and fat-rendering establishments are there now. They are neither good nor healthful neighbors. Their presence alone should be a sufficient argument for the park project in the public interest.

But it is also true that there is no parkless neighborhood in the city so direly in need of a park as this one.

## NEW YORK'S TELEPHONE DEMAND.

Once the telephone was a scientific toy. Gradually it became a commercial possibility. To-day it is in business and society an established necessity, in the same class as the mail and the telegraph.

Yesterday's imposing delegation of New York business men went to Albany because of the third of these propositions. The telephone is too thoroughly and imperatively an instrument of public use to be held longer under corporate abuse.

Extraordinary concessions are not demanded. New York wants rates which will put it on an equitable basis with smaller cities where telephonic competition is more readily practicable—rates in which the fact will be recognized that the telephone business is now established and profitable, possessing no longer the excuse of unusual risks for extraordinary tariffs. A monopoly that "holds up" the public must be curbed.

## ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

The east side landlord who has put a "head tax" of 50 cents a month for every child in a renter's family is only a representative of the prevalent type. There are flat owners in good districts who will not rent apartments to persons who have children. There are other landlords who "draw the line" at one or two. A family in moderate circumstances that has as many children as rejoice the heart of President Roosevelt finds it difficult to get decent living quarters on Manhattan Island.

Unless we are to encourage "race suicide" this ought not to be so. The situation should appeal to Mr. Henry Phipps, who has set aside \$1,000,000 to build model tenements for the poor in this city. His plans said to include one such building for respectable colored families that now find it difficult to get comfortable homes in decent neighborhoods. This is broad-minded philanthropy and good business—for such tenements will surely pay well.

Of all the inhabitants of the city none so much need plenty of air, space, sunshine, cleanliness and room to play as do the children. A healthful and happy child ought to command a bounty rather than be subject to a tax. Surely some public-spirited model tenements will make room for the children!

Presidents Forbes and Ahearn are right in objecting to any more elevated roads on the crowded east side. Mayor McClellan has not expressed his opinion on the Baxter street project, but is opposed to the extension of the "L" roads in any direction when subways can be built. Since the construction of the City Hall Subway loop it is absurd to say that the bridge connections cannot be made in this way.

The contract for keeping Tammany Hall in power for another two years will be too big even for the two Murphys, with Gaffney and the Sullivans to help, if the hold-ups are not ended and the streets cleaned.

## The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

**Marion Flats Are Refrigerators.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In Harlem there are apartment-houses where for days at a time there will be no heat, and the excuse will be given that the order for coal was not filled. There is always a shifflous excuse, but in the mean time the tenants are suffering from colds, which occasionally result fatally. Should not the Health Department protect tenants who pay good rent from such inhumanity?  
CHARLES H. BARKER.

**Two Problems.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A reader asks the length of a fish with a head nine inches long and a tail as long as the head plus half the length of the body. Also the difference between one foot square and one square foot.  
First—The fish problem is unsolvable unless the following statement be added, which "E. E. S." neglected to give: "Its body is as long as its head and tail together." In that case its body would prove to be 36 inches long, its tail 27 and its head as given, 9 inches, making the total length of the fish 72 inches.  
Second—The areas cited are equal.  
H. H.

**The Tenement-House Commission.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I was a tenant in East One Hundred

and Thirty-second street a few months back, and one night while we were in bed the whole ceiling fell in the kitchen and rain came in. The landlady kept me on a string for three weeks about having it fixed. I notified the Tenement-House Commission. Three inspectors called in two days, and they were going to make the landlord rebuild the house, from the way they spoke. They told my wife how foolish she was to pay rent while the house was in that condition, so she did not pay the rent, and was evicted. For two months afterward the ceiling was the same—down. The landlady told people in the house that it would do them no good to complain to the department, and I believe she was right.  
KICKER.

**Dr. Osler and New York Women.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
If Prof. Osler had never done anything for the world of science or the plain everyday world then to bring out the ignorance and the English spirit of the club woman of New York he would be entitled to respect as well as gratitude. Mrs. Burns is the only one whose opinion is worth considering. When Prof. Osler gets where old age is revered he will change his mind in some respects.  
OLD MAID TONES.  
West End Avenue.

## Said on the Side.

PRESIDENT POTTER continues his "familiar talks" with commuters through the advertising columns. "Tom" Scott and Commodore Vanderbilt had their opinions of literary felicity, but that was before corporation presidents and captains of industry got into the magazine. If the literature of literature keeps on it may reach a point where railroad presidents and financial magnates will be required to qualify in rhetoric and English composition before election.

A Bureau of Encumbrances which requires \$30,000 to perform \$1,000 worth of work seems to be one of them itself.

Miss Vane—I don't like the look of that man.

Miss Smarte—That's because his eyes are on another girl.—Chips.

Tenants of Central Park flats watched a hold-up of their windows and passengers of a Ninth avenue surface car recently witnessed one from the rear platform. It is goes much further patrons of "Seeling New York" vehicles will begin to complain that they don't get their money's worth.

If Capt. Seth's cowboys come to New York they are warned that their "Xip. Yip!" will be no novelty. The cruising cabman and the boy driver have been there before them.

Minister refers to Broadway church as a "religious power-house" and "divine dynamo" and trust lawyer calls Wall street "a great storage battery of human energy." Electrical metaphors go very well with high-voltage oratory.

"What," asks an impassioned orator, "is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to Wall street?" Thanks to the skyscraper, New York is now a canyon city challenging comparison with any.

Philadelphia's Mayor at least is not regarded as past praying for.

"Of silly things," says Capt. Jenks, "The silliest I deem  
The poor, misguided maid who thinks  
It's womanly to scream."  
—Philadelphia Press.

"As nearly as I can find out," says Mr. Corried, "Boettchen has made its musical reputation in the Symphony Orchestra." Mustn't forget the "Pop" concerts and "The Bostonians."

"Let them sneer at accumulated wealth," says Attorney Beck. "Yet the only evil million is the idle million." The idea being that the million blown in on Broadway or spent for Sherry balls serves more good uses than the one that remains in the seclusion of a safe-deposit vault. Hard to generalize, however; certainly some original sin in millions used to crush independent oil refiners, "squeeze" a rival or buy up a competing railroad.

East side landlord who raises the rent 50 cents a month for every new baby arriving in his house has an advantage over his west side brethren. They haven't that excuse, though they might apply the raise to dogs.

"Reference to any year-book," says the London Express, "and an arithmetical calculation within the capacity of the fourth standard, would show that the total output, say, of the vineyards of Epernay could not possibly suffice to supply the United States, to say nothing of the Baltic fleet." But while the supply of labels holds out there need be no serious apprehension of any shortage of imported wines.

Stranger—Do you get many explorers up here on the Arctic?  
Northman—Oh, yes, sir, a great many.

Stranger—Ah, they come to see the aurora borealis, I suppose?  
Northman—Oh, no. They come to ask us if we have any picture postcards.—Omito Out.

Hardly necessary to say that the newly published poem defining "the eight duties of a wife" was composed two centuries ago.

According to the Rev. Dr. Waters, of Brooklyn, the "flat house of the city is considerably further away from the kingdom of God than the cottage in the country."

The Interborough theory seems to be that if their employees are given an inch in the Subway they may take the "L" later on.

The Emu's watchfulness over the egg his consort laid may be due to fears aroused by the phillips dinner.

Perhaps Japan would have been wiser to have retained Jiu-jitsu for use against Russian antagonists only. The American football player is a different proposition.

A 300-pound "writ" is rather too much above medium weight for successful "materializing."

Subway expresses now said to have contracted the station-skipping habit. But they never miss Worth street.

Something in the complaints of the Wellesley girls that they are not allowed to wear bloomers in the classroom. The prohibition shows a discrimination against gymnasium and athletic work which is out of place in the higher education.

A true philanthropy he showed;  
The world should gather and admire it:  
From his front walk he cleaned the snow,  
Even though the law does not require it.  
—Washington Star.

The Calcutta Steeplechase for the Ladies' Cup is said to be the only sporting event of the kind in the world. The course is over two miles and a half of a stiff country, with nine mud fences. Nine ladies rode at the recent event.

"Coachman slain defending employer's home against robbers." The "household staff," from maid servant to butler, has made a record for itself of police duties bravely exercised at the risk of life which bears interesting testimony to the courage of these "below stairs."

## Mary Jane Is Kind to All Creatures.

Which, Perhaps, Explains Why She Was Slow About Helping Her Papa Slay a Mouse.



## The Importance of Not Being Julia. Mrs. Nagg and Mr. ... By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Nixola Greeley-Smith

It is said to all owners of the name Julia that it is a very pretty name—in fact, one of the prettiest names there are. Nevertheless, there is such a fatality about it that if it were mine I should make haste to change it to Susan or Jeannette. Before any more Julias are christened some warning to romantic mothers with a fondness for romantic names should be uttered.

Why? It seems to be the fate of women burdened by the name to love not wisely but too well. Julia Bowne, the daughter of the New Jersey blacksmith, who eloped with a married clergyman and is now in prison with him, is the latest instance of this fatality. But the sad record of the Julias runs through all history.

The Roman Julias were famous, or rather infamous, for the ardor and variety of their love affairs. So much so indeed that Augustus Caesar, who had the worst of them for a daughter, decreed that no woman child in his family should bear the ill-fated name.

Shakespeare concentrated all the love and fire, all the unhappy ardor of the woman soul in one little fourteen-year-old girl and called her Juliet. And to-day and always the love of Juliet and her Romeo will represent the topmost pinnacle of passion.

It is a far cry from Shakespeare to the modern novelist. And yet the best of these, Mrs. Humphry Ward, in portraying the same wild elemental impulses in the modern woman, gave us "Lady Rose's Daughter" and called her Julie.

Other innumerable instances might be cited of the fatality accompanying the name. But surely these are enough to present to all womankind the importance of not being Julia.

Young mother with a helpless, unchristened girl baby in your arms and a fondness for things romantic in your soul, pause shuddering on the brink of Julia and turn aside. A woman can live up to a good plain name like Ella or Jane and be happy. But name her Julia and she is sealed to sorrow. In this case, indeed, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet—and be a good deal happier in the bargain.

A Royal Trousseau.

The trousseau of a royal lady is now always rather a commonplace production and that of the bride-elect of the German Crown Prince will be more commonplace than usual, for it will include an evening dress from every European capital. Ireland is to contribute to it, an order having been given for some of the beautiful laces for which the Emerald Isle is so famous and which now figure on every trousseau of importance.

"If you are going out this evening I do not see why you can't take me, Mr. Nagg. I know I told you I was going to a euclyre party at Mrs. Striver's, but it's to-morrow night, and so while you are running around town having a good time I will be stuck in the house like I always am, day after day and night after night! But this is a stag party, you say? What difference does that make? When we lived in Brooklyn my poor dear papa, who has passed the gates ajar, used to belong to the Elks, and whenever the Elks held a dance I used to go. An elk is a stag, and if you are going to a stag you could take me if you wanted to. But you don't care to take me anywhere. You are tired of me. All you men get tired of your wives, who slave for you, bear with your abuse, attend to you in sickness and health, and when we die you roll off and marry some silly thing with a dun's face and make yourselves fools over them. Oh, well, never mind! I have done my duty! I have been kind, I have been silent, I have endured everything, but I will not forget how you want off and let me this night.

"But it's a stag, you say? Oh, yes. I know there will be other dears there! Te-he! I can make a joke, too, Mr. Nagg, all the smartness of this family isn't confined to the male side of the house. My poor dear papa was a great joker, always jerking chairs from under people and putting gunpowder in their cigars and doing things like that to set everybody at their ease and make them enjoy themselves, but you are so different. You can go to your stag. I don't want to go. But when you are snooping around the young girls there, don't make yourself a ridiculous old jumping-jack. No, I am not jealous! Jealous of you? Ha, ha! I have too much self-respect for myself to be jealous. But you better not let me catch you smirking under other women.

"There will be no women—it's a stag, you say. Oh, I don't care, Mr. Nagg. You always say that, but how do I know? You belong to the Masons, but you never tell me what happens in the lodge. I suppose you think I am too ignorant. I know you despise me, but you can never say that ever. A criticized wife is kind to me and wants to take me everywhere, but my own husband, you will take me to the theatre and not go to the stag, you say? Oh, no, Mr. Nagg, I will not interfere with your enjoyment. You have made your plans, you have never thought of me sitting here home and lonesome with no one to speak to, and, anyway, I am going over to Susan Terwilliger's to look over some dress patterns.

"I read in the paper just the other day about a man who murdered his wife simply because they had a tiff. You may murder me if you like. I would prefer that to being slowly killed by cruel words.

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"I did. That's why I got hit."

Bunny's Error.

"Why didn't you jump a few yards out of the way when that hunter aimed at you?"

"I did. That's why I got hit."

The "Fudge" Idiotorial

The Stone Lady of Praxiteles!

(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

A lot of fuss is being made in this town over a STONE VENUS. She is for sale. The man in charge says PRAXITELES made her.

For our part we cannot see WHY any one should trouble his head about her. The stone will NOT De Kay! Yet the owner WANTS \$500,000 for the lady. This is about the PITTSBURG SCALE for a live Venus.

He says he will BREAK HER UP if he does not get the money. Usually it is the lady who does the BREAKING UP if SHE does not get the money!

In this incident you may note the relationship between marble ART and the marble HEART.

The Stone Venus is several thousand years old; the Pittsburg standard seems to stop at forty.

This is as it should be. LIFE is short! ART is long!

IT SAVES TROUBLE to keep art and heart well apart!

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